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THE REAL

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GHOSTBUSTERS™



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Isn't the after-life just great, welcome to Issue ninety-eight! Yeah, eat your heart out, Wordsworth! Well, have you ever witnessed such a scene so crammed full of ghoulish faces, it's worse than **Ponquadrador's** wedding photographs! You can read all about the whys and wherefores of these freak features in this week's story, **Big Fear In The Big Apple!** What a troublesome bunch they are too!

We've really hit the *bull's eye*, though, with **Minotaurs, Please!** It's about a beefy character and his adventures in the city of New York, and there's certainly enough *bull* games to keep **The Real Ghostbusters** busy, that's for sure!

Next week, apart from your regular favourites and the final part of **Ghost Gangsters**, there'll be a special readers' offer of thirty **Slimer Joke Books** from **Collins!** Stay tuned!

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDMORE

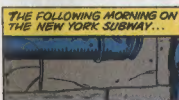


JANINE MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



Story DAN ABNETT and STEVE WHITE Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS and DAVE HARWOOD Lettering GLIB Colouring STUART PLACE





SOON, OUTSIDE...



THERE! IT'S HEADING
FOR THAT CHINA
SHOP!



SAY MISS, HAS FOUR
HUNDRED POUNDS OF
HAMBURGER COME IN
HERE, UNDER IT'S
OWN POWER, JUST A
MINUTE AGO?



JUST A SECOND, I
HAVE GOT A GREAT
IDEA!



AND THE FLOWERS
STAY ON THE
TABLE!



SOON, ON THE
SECOND FLOOR...





Hanna-Barbera



**NEANDERTHAL
NINCOMPOOPS!**



**PIC-A-NIC BASKET
PANDEMONIUM!**

**MONSTER MASHING
MONGRELS!**



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SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

Unfortunately, the promised information on Martin Wimply's boyhood and the importance of tapioca has not been made available to me, so I'll have to go on to my reserve subject:

Minotaurs

The most famous minotaur was the one that lurked in the Labyrinth under the palace of Minos in ancient Crete, which was slain by the butch Athenian hero. Theseus. According to the fables of Wersop, several other half-man, half-bulls lived in the ancient world. There was, relates Wersop, a fearful minotaur living on the island of Moro, which dwelt in a dismal semi-detached house just outside the city centre. Every year, the minotaur would demand a terrible tribute – seven youths and seven maidens had to go to his lair and play charades. Several attempts were made to slay the Minotaur of Moro, the most famous and misguided being the one tried by Daedloss, a young moron from the country. Daedloss figured the only way to attack the minotaur was from the air and built himself a wing-frame of wood and goose feathers, held together with wax. His father, Orville (a greek inventor who had spent many years trying to get ventriloquist dummies to fly) warned him not to fly too close to the sun, or the



PART 98

wax would melt. Daedloss obeyed his father and promised not to fly too close to the sun. He then took off from the top of the mighty Mount Moronix into the clear blue sky. Three minutes later, he crashed into the base of the cliff, realising just before he died that proximity to the sun had very little bearing on whether you could fly with a stick and a few feathers, or not.

In the hills between the cities of Attica and Loftus, lived a rather more unusual minotaur called Bradley. He was odd in that he had the head of a man and the body of a bull, and was known to his friends as Oxtail. Later in life, Bradley joined a travelling circus and was voted 'Centaur of Attraction' eight years running.

GUIDE

More obscure legends relate tales of a place called Oxoferous, a lost valley somewhere in the hinterlands of what is today called North Africa. There it was said, lived a race of minotaur folk; bulls, cows and calves who lived in harmony together. Actually, they lived in a field together, and spent their days grazing, mooing and living in fear of a terrible creature with the body of a man and the head of a man, called, not surprisingly, Howard. Popular explanation for the minotaur's distinctive grumbling roar is that their horns don't work.

Aha! Janine has just brought in a package which is postmarked Erudilia! It is indeed the manuscripts from the museum. Well, well . . . now it can be told, the mystery of Martin Wimply and the tapioca. It seems that when the great ghost-hunter and inventor, Martin Wimply, was a lad, he'd tried to build a flying machine out of wood and goosefeathers loosely held together with tapioca and was warned not to fly too near the fridge in case he got milk on the tapioca and it went runny . . .

Really! This has been on the Erudilian Official Secrets list for forty years. Give me a break. Which funnily enough, reading on, is exactly what Wimply got when he leapt off the wardrobe.

BIG FEAR IN THE BIG APPLE!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD and ROBIN BOUTTELL

It's easy enough to defeat one ghost – but what about an army? The Real Ghostbusters could be in serious trouble here ...

It was dark, it was wet, and it was windy in New York City, the Big Apple. It was the sort of night in which you just knew something would happen to make it worse than it already was. The signs were all there: reports of strange lights in the sky, weird noises in the Bronx. People kept seeing things at the edge of their vision, things usually reserved for nightmares. When you tried to look for them properly, they were gone. Even the hardest New Yorker was uneasy about the way things were.

It started at about quarter past nine at night, just two blocks north of Trump Tower. The wind rose suddenly. Lightning crashed across a cloudless, starless sky. New Yorkers turned their collars up as the temperature dropped twenty degrees in seconds. Even the radios went strangely silent, as if they were just waiting for something to happen. Something big.

At Ghostbusters HQ, Peter Venkman burnt his mid-evening snack under the grill. This was not the something big.

A manhole started to rattle on Broadway, watched curiously by two tramps. It began to spin faster and faster then suddenly exploded upwards, up into the night.

"Wow," murmured one of the tramps, pointing at the cover with a half-empty bag as it flew off into space. "I didn't know NASA operated from the sewers ... now, if you ask me, I'd say they were better off where they were, at Cape ..." He was cut off as a pillar of freezing mist exploded from the open manhole, quickly spreading over the street. "I can't see!" screamed the tramp. "I can't see!"

"What's new?" squealed the other, staggering about in equal panic. Suddenly, his hand brushed against something in front of him. "Thank goodness," he babbled, "A lamp post!"

The lamp post growled. The post leant forward and staring hard at the tramp with glowing red eyes, it hissed through sharp teeth, "Where is it?"

This was not a lamp post, decided the

tramp, now very confused. "A ghost!" he screamed, running for his life. "Somebody call the cops! Somebody call The Real Ghostbusters! Someone call my mum! Heeeelp!"

The ghost scratched the back of his head and turned to the monstrous horde climbing up out from the open manhole behind him. They were a snivelling, slime-dripping, despicable lot, with big, sharp, pointy teeth. "Boys," said the first ghost, who was their leader. "I think we may have made a mistake."

The strange lights in the sky were joined by more as ECTO-1, with all four Ghostbusters aboard (plus, just for once, Slimer), screamed up Broadway, its klaxons blaring in alarm. "Sounds like a big one," murmured Winston, who was driving. Egon studied the Psycho-kinetic Energy Meter in front of him, which was beeping furiously.

"Full scale incursion," he replied. "I'm registering – well, the readings are right off the scales."

"Egon, that sounds *most* unscientific," joked Peter, as he checked over his gleaming Proton Gun. "If you really want to worry us, why not say something like, 'The Stay-Puft Man was just a warm up exercise!'"

"Very droll," Egon replied. "Your humour doesn't disguise the fact that these readings are the worst we've we've seen in a long while. As if we're building up for something big!"

"Issue one hundred?" Ray cut in, looking up from the comic he was reading. The others looked at him strangely. "Forget it," he added, "Just a weird thought."

Up ahead, a blinding mist covered the street, and strange lights crackled across it. "Wheeeeeee!" squealed Slimer. "Loookeee at pretty!"

"Some sort of bio-electromagnetic discharge, with an acoustic source," said Egon, studying another set of instruments.

"Noisy lights!" said Winston. "This is something big."

"Well, let's not sit around talking about it," Peter snapped, as the car stopped. "Let's get out there and kick some ghostly butt!"

The Real Ghostbusters jumped from ECTO-1, powered up their Proton Guns and stepped into the mysterious mist. Slimer followed, hovering beside Peter. "Ooooooh," he murmured, "nice!" The green ghost quivered in excitement and started to rotate in the air.

"I still can't hear any noises," said Winston, baffled. "Just lights."

"Slimer can," replied Egon. "They seem to be at a level only he can hear. The mist is probably affecting him too – it's a sort of ectoplasmic energy field. It's as if he just had a bar of chocolate – a harmless treat to make him feel good."

Peter scanned the area up ahead with his PKE Meter. "This mist seems to be affecting our instruments," he said. "There's no way that there's two thousand separate ghosts up ahead!" A clawed hand suddenly reached out of the mist and grabbed the PKE Meter. A huge, monstrous face peered down at the beeping instrument. "Two thousand, three hundred and twenty seven," hissed the ghost, dribbling slime all over the Meter. "More to come," it added with an evil giggle and vanished as quickly as it had appeared.

"Boys," said Peter calmly. "I think we're in serious trouble here. I'll go back to ECTO-1 to call for some back-up."

"But Peter, there's only us," replied Ray, switching on his Proton Gun.

"I was afraid someone would remember that," groaned Peter. "Okay, let's go." The Ghostbusters struggled on through the mist, which suddenly cleared, except for a few flashing purple lights. "Aww," said Slimer. "Over now?"

"What's he babbling about?" said Peter. "I don't know, Peter," said Winston. "Why don't you ask them?"

Up ahead, two thousand, three hundred and twenty seven ghosts of all different sorts, shapes and sizes, were ambling around the deserted street, lifting cars, walking through shop windows, terrifying

stray cats. They all seemed to be moaning terribly. A large ghost ambled towards The Real Ghostbusters. More ghosts ambled towards The Real Ghostbusters. "Have you got it?" hissed the leader. "Have you hidden it?"

"Back off, pal!" shouted Peter, raising his Proton Gun. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"The slipper, silly. You can't play Hunt the Slipper without a slipper, can you?"

"What?" said all four Ghostbusters in astonishment.

"Partygamees! Musicee! Disco!" squealed Slimer, clapping his hands. The other ghosts giggled their agreement. "It's not here, is it?" said one of the ghosts. "I knew we shouldn't have trusted Pondquadragor, the Four-Handed Demon to tell us where the slipper really was."

"Let's go," said the leader, nodding in agreement. "There's a really wicked level of the Underworld we could try..." It turned to Egon and grinned, teeth sparkling. "Nice place you've got here," it hissed, "we may be back!" With that encouraging thought both it and its two thousand, three hundred and twenty-six companion ghosts vanished as suddenly as they had arrived. So did the strange mist. "Awww," said Slimer. "Party over!"

"Was that the something big, Egon?" asked Ray, powering down his Proton Gun.

"I don't think so," Egon replied. "Perhaps I was wrong!"

A ghostly voice cackled through the night air – some last memento of a very strange evening.



DOCTOR SPENGLER AND EGON HYDE!

This particular character metamorphosised Egon from the usual straight as a die character that we all know and love, into a completely unrecognisable, dodgy-looking chappie! The story goes that while mixing all kinds of chemical compounds and potions, an experiment badly backfired. This transformed his eyes into burning, white slits, his hands into massive paws, his skin into bizarre patterns of flesh, and his head into a great pointy spike! Drastic stuff!

What's even more dreadful is that having been changed into such an unfortunate-looking beastie, Egon developed an unsatiable appetite for the likes of test tubes, rubber bunsen burner cables, and retort stands! There is, however, a happy ending to this tale because, thankfully, the effects of this weird concoction quickly wore off leaving Egon a lot happier with his old appearance than he had been in a long time!



SLIMER!

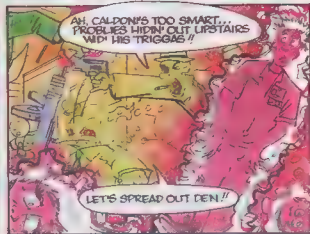
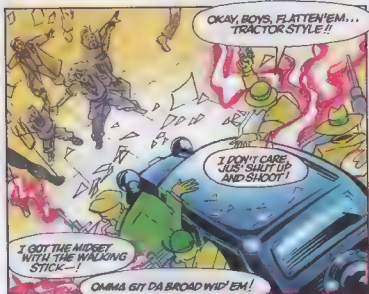
IT HAS MORE GUME PER SQUARE INCH
THAN ANY OTHER COMIC—
AND WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?

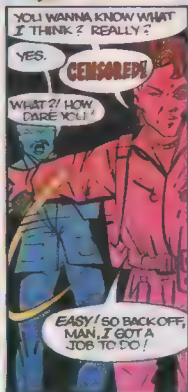
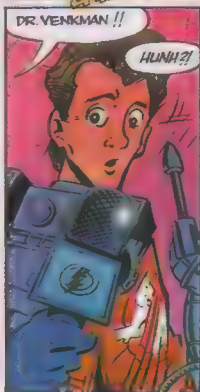
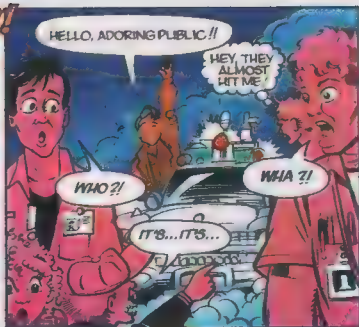


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Part Four: Webby McBain and his ghost gangsters are heading for the children's hospital, which they believe to be the real hide-out of Caesar Caldoni!

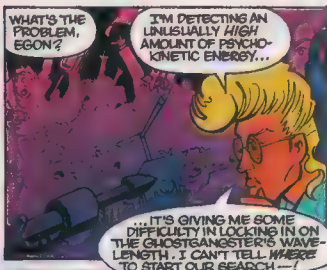






THIS PLACE IS IN
DEFINITE NEED OF
A TRAFFIC SIGNAL.

HEY, LOOK OUT!
I'M A SICK KID
FOR CRIPES SAKS!



WHAT'S THE
PROBLEM,
EGON?

I'M DETECTING AN
UNUSUALLY HIGH
AMOUNT OF PSYCHO-
KINETIC ENERGY...

...IT'S GIVING ME SOME
DIFFICULTY IN LOCKING IN ON
THE GHOSTGANGSTER'S WAVE-
LENGTH. I CAN'T TELL WHERE
TO START OUR SEARCH --!



SHRIEK!

EXCUSE ME,
NURSE!!...



WHICH WAY TO THE GHOSTS?!

THIRD FLOOR,
THIS WING!!

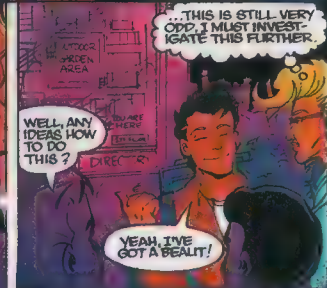
THANKS!

GOOD GOING,
WINSTON.

'S NO PROBLEM.

WELL, EGON?

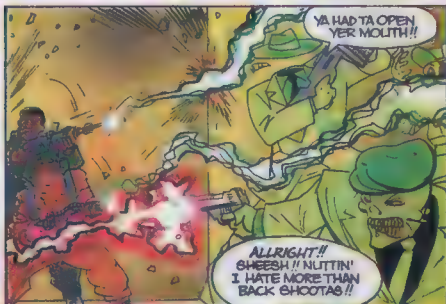
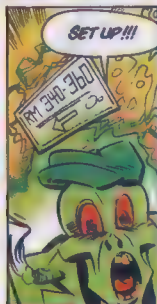
HER INFORMATION
IS VALID... THERE DOES
SEEM TO BE A HEAVY
CONCENTRATION IN THAT
VICINITY BUT, THE SIGNAL
FLUCTUATES... POSSIBLY
REGISTERING MOVEMENT...

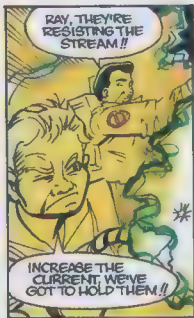
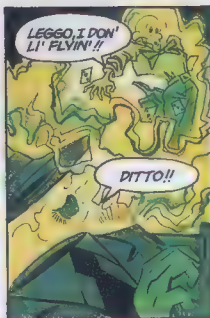
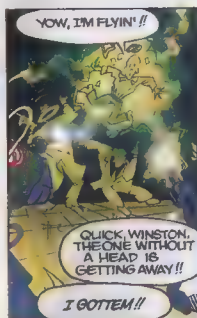


...THIS IS STILL VERY
ODD, I MUST INVESTI-
GATE THIS FURTHER.

WELL, ANY
IDEAS HOW
TO DO
THIS?

YEAH, I'VE
GOT A BEAUT!





SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
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London
WC2



Who was the famous skeleton detective?

Sherlock Bones!

— Mark Standlick, Bally Kelly

What is a vampire's favourite game?

Bat-minton.

— Andrew Falconer, Kingston-Upon-Thames

What's as big as a dinosaur, but weighs nothing?

It's shadow!

— Adam Feeney, Surrey

When do vampires crave blood?

On Thirstdays!

— James Norley, Gillingham

Why do ghosts like tall buildings?

Because they have lots of scarecases!

— Duncan Buckley, Gnosall

What disease does Dracula fear most?

Tooth decay!

— Martin Kent, London



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NAME

ADDRESS


.....

.....

.....

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR
GUARDIAN

.....



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?



Just as there are spook stories related to terror, there are also ghosts who bring with them good fortune. One particular character who was lucky enough to be helped by spectral wisdom was an American artist called Elliot Daingerfield. It was, in fact, Elliot's wife that the ghost spoke to, although the first time he paid her a visit, she put it down to imagination. This is quite understandable when you consider that she awoke one morning to find a figure standing by her bed, wearing a long, flowing cape, and a costume of the Renaissance era, the face obscured by a rather large brimmed hat. The ghost told her, in a rather gentle manner, that he had some constructive criticism to offer her husband that would

help him in his work. Mrs Daingerfield was somehow at ease in the presence of her spook, sensing that he did not mean her any harm.

She explained the strange visit to her husband and passed on the words of advice, which were:

'Tell your good fellow to make the trees in his painting rounder, and to move the cloud into the middle of the sky.'

Mr Daingerfield knew that his wife never visited his studio, and therefore had no idea what he could be painting, yet his work had been bothering him, and he couldn't quite work out what was wrong. He could hardly believe his luck when he made the suggested changes and he discovered that these final touches made all the difference to his work.

For the next thirty

years, the artist continued to carry out the advice of the spectral figure with the long, grey cape, and during this time his work steadily improved. The ghost appeared to Mrs Daingerfield only when her husband was in need of help, sometimes this was no more than once a year. Daingerfield never got to see his helper with his own eyes, but suspected that the supernatural guide was the ghost of a seventeenth-century master.

The work of Elliot Daingerfield is exhibited in America in the Washington DC National Gallery, the Brooklyn Museum, and the New York Metropolitan Museum. Maybe one day you'll be fortunate enough to see these particular brush strokes for yourself!



GHOST WRITING!



Thanks for all your letters and keep 'em coming!

Dear Peter . . .

1. In the film 'Ghostbusters', Slimer is not very nice, but in the cartoon, Slimer is very, very, very nice and cool. Why is this?
2. Why do you tell jokes?
3. What street is your HQ in?
— Andrew Burton, West Wickham.

1. Take my word for it, Andrew, Slimer is not, not, not, not nice! 2. To try and make people laugh! Why do you tell jokes? You'd better have a good answer! 3. North Moore Street. Well, it was the last time I looked!

How did Winston fall into the river of slime in 'Ghostbusters II'?
— Thomas Pinkerton, Alum Rock.

Well, since I wasn't there at the time, it's pretty hard for me to remember, but . . .

Winston was lowering a plumb-line to measure the depth of the river when a huge tentacle of slime rose out of the depths and pulled him in. Creepy!

1. Where does Egon get his books from?
2. How did you get to meet Winston?
— Alexander Andrews, Bridgnorth.

1. Off of his bookshelf. 2. We put an advertisement in the newspapers for an extra helper. That's how we found Winston!

1. Does Slimer ever stop eating?
2. Has Janine ever used a Proton Pack?
3. Are there any ghosts that The Real Ghostbusters are afraid of?
4. Is Slimer ever useful?
5. Has Slimer ever used a Proton Pack and when?
— Paul Jones, Derby.

1. No. 2. Yep, several times. Most recently in Issue ninety-two! 3. Are there any ghosts we're not afraid of? 4. Only, if our vacuum cleaner is broken! 5. Of course he has! Issue thirteen, in the story 'Slime-buster!'

1. In Issue seventy-six's 'Ghoul-dini!' did you originally have the special waterproof Proton Guns or were they built specially for this bust?
2. Are you still in love with Dana Barrett?
3. Why are you not bringing ECTO-1a and the Slimer Blowers into the comic?

4. How can Mr Stay-Puft be in the Containment Unit when in the film 'Ghostbusters', you sent him into his former dimension by crossing the streams?
— Brian Doyle and Mark Bell, Kilbirnie.

1. You guessed it! Ray and Egon whipped them up specially when they realized that they would have to be used underwater! 2. My lips are sealed! 3. The Slimer Blowers have appeared, but we always called them Ecto-Splat Guns. ECTO-1a is just a refurbished version of the original car, so why should we! 4. Aaaaaaargh! No more Mr. Stay-Puft questions!

1. If Slimer is a ghost, why can't you see through him?
2. If Slimer is the ghost in the film, who is the Green Ghost?
— Anon.

1. It's a total misconception that all ghosts are transparent.
2. Slimer is the Green Ghost!

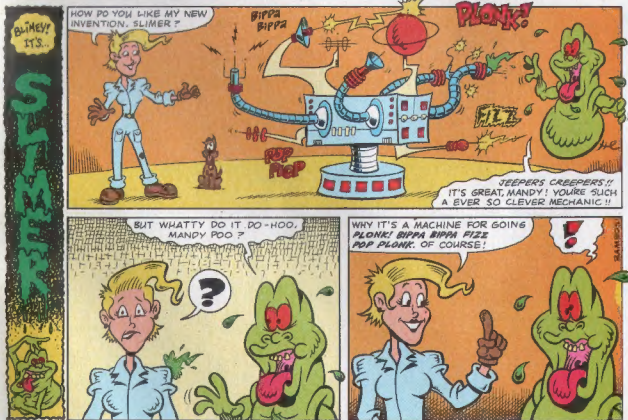
1. What material is Mr. Stay-Puft made of?
2. Can Ray see spirits through his Ecto-visors?
— Philippe Bardizbanian, France.

Bonjour, Philippe, comment t'allez vous? Ha, didn't know I spoke a little french, did you? Well, Mr. Stay-Puft is entirely made up of Marshmallow, and it's all Ray's fault because he thought of him! 2. Ecto-visors are a special device for making ghosts appear more clearly. So yes, Ray can see spirits through his Ecto-visors!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

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